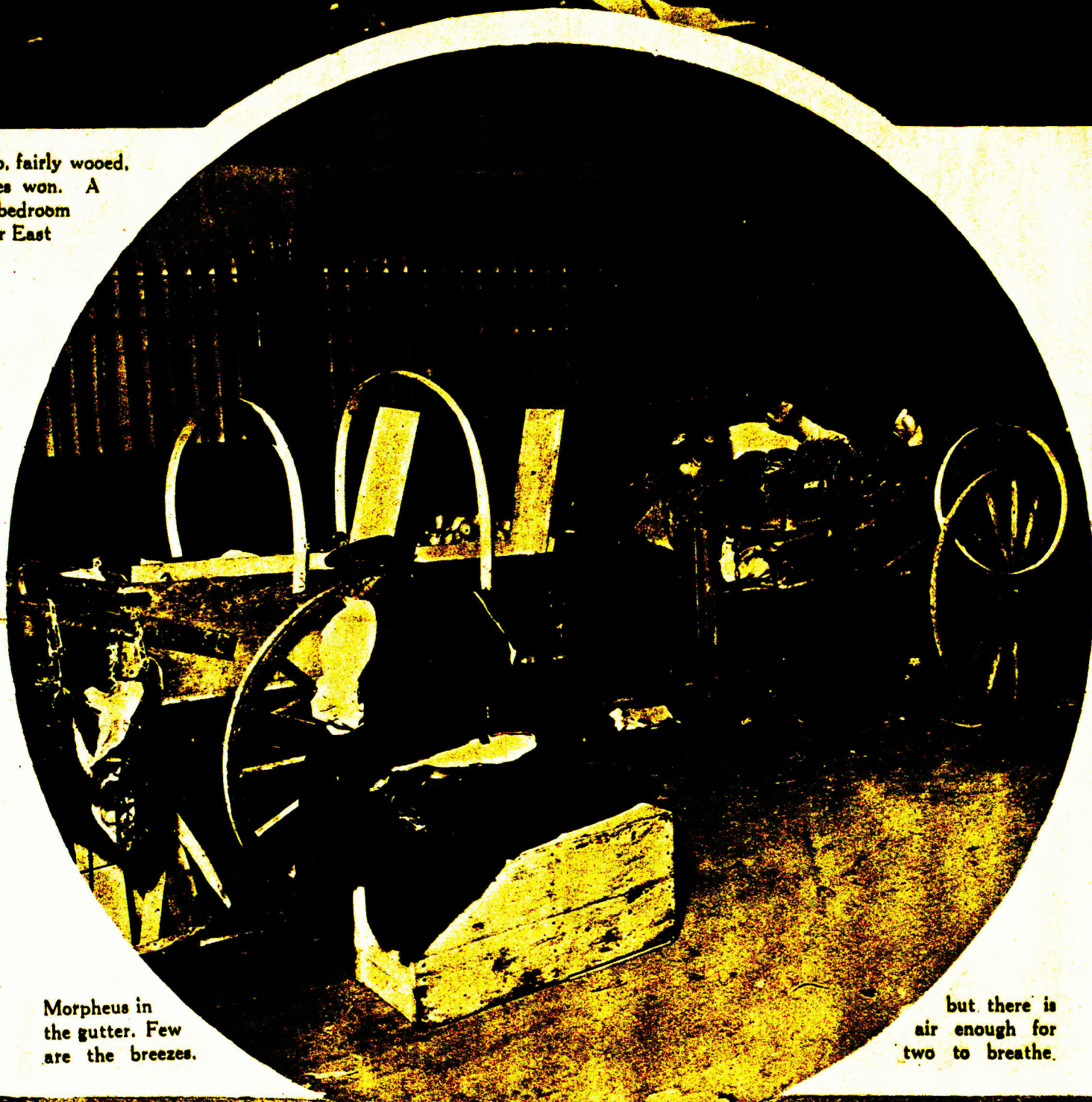


Where sleep, fairly wooed,  
is sometimes won. A  
sidewalk bedroom  
on the lower East  
Side.



In an East Side park with the thermometer at 85. No



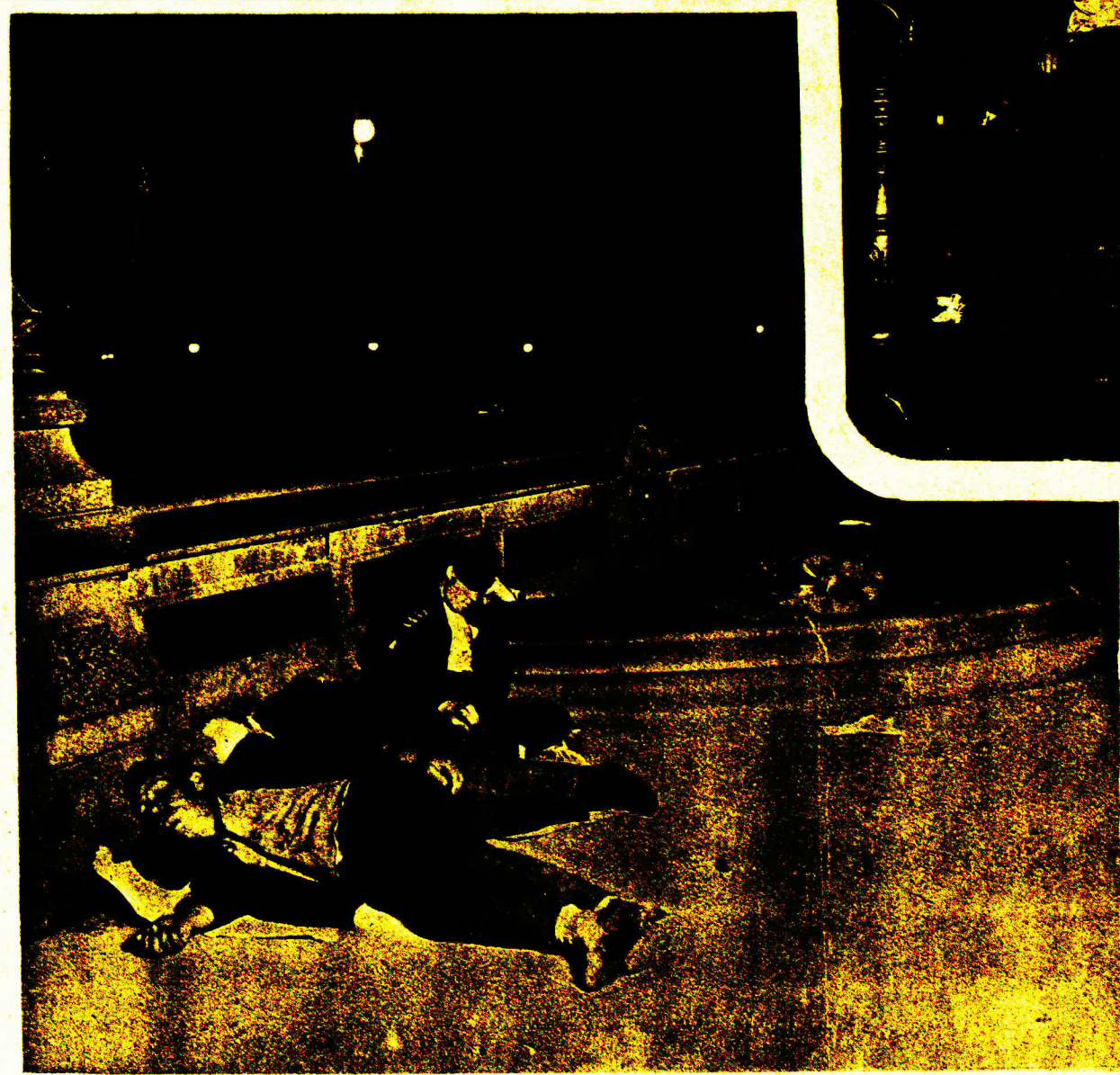
Morpheus in  
the gutter. Few  
are the breezes.



Strength for another day, is  
recruited thus in Mulberry  
Bend.



The night tells a thousand tales. Misery and poverty, bedfellows of  
despair in Madison Square Park.



The lights in City Hall Park cannot disturb these sleepers,  
for whom a newspaper spread on granitoid makes a bed.